667

Numb. 6.

Heraclitus Ridens.

AT

A DIALOGUE between *JEST* and *EARNEST* Concerning the *TIMES*.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

From Tuesday, August the 17th, to Saturday the 21st. 1703.

Jest. RUB, rub, rub—This Plaguy Commonwealth Bowl will be at the Jack Head else.

Earnest. What! Turn'd Gamester old Acquaintance, this Vacation time?

Jest. Any thing for a Livelihood? All the World are Gamesters, and *Marybone* is but the Creation Epitomiz'd; Look upon that Statesman there, *Seven* or *Eleven* is his Daily Exercise, and you'll always find him Playing at Hazard with his Reputation. Give an Eye towards the Divine likewise, What Game do you think he's Playing? Nothing but what will ruine the Church he has been taken for a Support of! He's Playing at Push-Pin by way of Argument with his Friends, when he should employ his Time in Confuting his Enemies. The Lawyer too, a fly sort of a Dog; Mind him well, if he be not at Luck in a Bag. All the Chances are of his Side, and he'll have your Money, tho' he parts with his Honesty in Exchange for it. Therefore why should not I make use of a Gamester's Terms in Jest, when the whole World is a Playing at some Game or other in Earnest.

Earn. But why must the Commonwealths Man be the best Bowler. *An honest Man and a good Bowler*, us'd to be the Word, and People of his Principles and Honesty are not Terms Synonimous.

Jest. It is even so—Their Diligence is more than a Match for our Supiness, and we must either rouze our selves from this Lethargy, or give the Cause over for Lost. We are asleep when they are perpetually awake; and if a poor dying Man does but pray to God to give *the Church of England the same Honour, Power and Glory, as it had heretofore*, his Salvation shall go near to be question'd for so doing.

Earnest. I understand you—— You mean a Passage in the last *Observator* Prithee what of him? He writes like a *Dutch* Commentator, that perverts the Text he takes upon him to Explain. And as long as old *Bateman* that was hang'd for High Treason is a Saint with him, you need not mind whom he makes fall under the Denomination of a Sinner. I have some Queries in my Pocket, which were given me in relation to that Honest Gentleman, and am well assur'd that the *Honour*, *Power*, and *Glory* of the Church Establish'd will be maintain'd, if the Party has no better Tools to undermine it with, than such as He.

Jest. An *Englishman* all-over! That thinks himself in Security, when he is in the greatest Danger. Our Clergy should preach against the Dissenters, as well as the *Jews*, and the way to make this a Flourishing Nation, is to do by it, as we should do by Gardens, Weed it heartily from Heresies and Schism that Choak up the growth of those Principles, that can only render us the Envy as well as Glory of the Christian World.

Earnest. Then, I'll warrant, you are against a Toleration! You had best fall out with Acts of Parliament——Wat Hawk—take heed Man! They are dangerous things to kick against.

Jest. I am a much wiser Fellow than you take me for. Acts of Parliament, say you? I against them? Nothing like it. The Toleration Act is what is so well adapted to our Constitution, that I am for having it Perpetual, but what is *Tolerated* only should have less Immunities than what is by *Law Establish'd*. The Church-men should be Possess'd of Places of Trust and Consequence, as an Argument of their Superiority and Precedence.

Earnest. And so they are. Is not our Arch-Bishop of *Canterbury* the Second Man in the Kingdom. Don't our Prelates and Clergy Preach in every Palace Royal, and has not Her Majesty given us Her Royal Word, that those shall have Her particular Encouragement, that are of the same Faith with Her.

Jest. All this is Undeniable——But still there are some Gentlemen in Publick Offices, whom I could wish remov'd, in order to make Way for their Betters. But *Tace* is *Latin* for a Candle, say the Learned; and an *Ox* is something too Big for a *Frog*. Time works all Things——The Prudence of our Wise Ministry is such, as to provide for our Present and Future Security, and I have such a Confidence in their Management of Affairs, as to abate very much of my Apprehensions. But do you hear the News, they say, the Man that writes the *Post-Boy* is a Jacobite.

Earnest. He a Jacobite! He a Devil! They don't know him that give him that Name; but wherefore have they Unchristen'd him after this manner?

Jest.

Jeſt. Only becauſe he gave us Matter of Fact, as it was in the foreign Prints, in Relation to the Affairs of *Germany*, *Italy*, and *Hungary*, and did not make uſe of Flouriſhes to conceal the Misfortunes of the Empire, as are uſual with your *French* News Writers. One that pretends to be a Hiſtorian ſhould write like one, and tho' I could wiſh a better Aſpect on his Imperial Majeſty's Affairs, and am concern'd as a Well-wiſher to the grand Alliance at any thing that goes againſt it, yet I cannot but think it highly neceſſary that the World ſhould be acquainted with a true State of its Condition, in order to Redreſs the Grievances that might o herwiſe attend it.

Earneſt. You are afraid before you are hurt. Things are not brought to a Criſis, you muſt ripen this Impoſthume of the *French* King's before it will break. He burſts I'll warrant you, in a little time, and the Elector of *Bavaria* will down on his Knees, and cry *Peccavi.* Let the Arch-Duke ſet Footing in *Portugal* once. Let *Sweden* be brought to Conditions of Peace by an *Engliſh* and *Dutch* Squadron in the *Baltick*, and all Matters will be as favourable as we can wiſh.—— *Gratias pugnabit ad Urbes Dardanus, & Verſis lugebit Græcia Fatis.*

Jeſt. Methinks I ſee it accompliſh'd already. The Duke of *Vendoſme* ſcuds like a Deer from the Tyrol-Hunters. *Bavaria* gets ſhorter by the Head to the Burying-Place of his Anceſtors. Prince *Ragotzi*'s Quarters are hung over the Pinnacles of the Palace *la Favorita.* The Duke of *Anjou* comes back to his Apartment at *Verſailles*; and old *Lewis* the Fourteenth ſits glouting at Home like one that could not help it. And ſo good Night to the Armies of the two Crowns Give me the Queries you promis'd me, you had beſt, for I'll not bate you an Ace of your Word.

Earneſt. Then enter *Queries*, Draw up, keep your Ranks, and fire ſeven deep, like any *London* Militia. Have-at Mr. *Obſervator*, at the Head of his *Ignoramus* Jury-Men, Preaching up *Ignorance* to 'em againſt another Seſſion.

Qu. 1. Whether the Author of the Obſervator, who is known to be a Diſſenter by Birth, Education, and Practice, has not paſs'd a very odd Compliment on his Grace the preſent Lord Arch-biſhop of *Canterbury*, by ſaying in his laſt *Obſervator*, That *he and his Countryman were of Arch-biſhop* Tenniſon's *Church of* England?

Q. 2. Whether the Diſſenters do not act in Contradiction to themſelves, by Admitting a Perſon into their Communion that Acknowledges *a Learned Hierarchy*; And whether the *Obſervator* has not highly Affronted Queen *Ann*, in the Choice of Her Biſhops, by ſeeming to intimate in one of his Papers, that none were Men of *Learning* or *Honeſty* but thoſe *Preferr'd* by King *William?*

Q. 3. Whether Dr. *Hooper*, Lord Biſhop of St. *Aſaph*, Elect, does not come to the Epiſcopal Chair better Recommended by his Merit and Virtues, than he that left it? And whether that Predeceſſor of his, one of K. *William*'s Biſhops, was not equally Criminal with the Biſhop of St *Davids*, tho' he met with a Milder Treatment?

Q. 4. Whether he can be ſaid to be *King William*'s Friend that Abuſes his Favourites? And whether he does not ſhew the Weakneſs of a Prince rather than the Wiſdom, in making him make Choice of an Evil Miniſtry?

Q. 5. Whether a Man that is not in Agreement with himſelf, is capable of Preaching up Union to others? And whether he that in *Vol.* 1. *Numb.* 15. *Wiſh'd himſelf a Biſhop or ſome Great Man*, is over and above troubled with the Spirit of *Modeſty* or *Self-Denial?*

Q. 6. Whether *the Church of England by Law Eſtabliſh'd, be not the Pureſt Part of God's Holy Catholick Church?* And whether the Religion that the Butcher of *Glouceſter* died in, was not the ſame that is Profeſs'd by A——p *T*——*n*?

Q. 7. Whether Arch Biſhop *Sancroft* held any Doctrine contrary to thoſe of this *Eſtabliſh'd Church?* And whether he that was a *Biſhop* as well as a *Great* and *Good Man*, has not left behind him a Character highly Superior to the *Malicious Calumnies* of one, that may *Wiſh* and Write his heart out, before he can be a *Biſhop* or a *Great Man?*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

LOſt from *Salters-Hall* a *Vigo* Colour'd *Preſbyterian* Man, with the Pictures of *Timothy* and *Titus* in ſhort Cloaks and Bands, to prove 'em no Biſhops, and *Calvin*'s Diſciples tearing the *Mitre* in Pieces, in order to make Round of it for a Ladder to get up to the *Crown* by. The Perſon that brings it to Sir *T*—— Milk and Mackeril's, ſhall have the Hiſtory of the Reformation of Manners, and a *Geneva* Bible well Gilt and Bound for his Pains; or if Pawn'd or Sold, their Money again with Abundance of Thanks, and an Aſſembly's Catechiſm into the Bargain.

Drop'd between the *Inner-Temple Hall* and the *Pump* in *Chancery-lane*, a Suit in *Chancery*, that had been Seven Years a getting up thither; If any one will bring it to *Dilatory Lawcaſe*, Eſq; at his Chambers in the *Inner-Temple*, or to Mr. *Ezekiel Tardy*'s Seat in the Six Clerk's Office, ſo as it may be continued in their hands Seven Years longer, he ſhall have their Client's Coat, Waſtcoat, and Breeches for his Pains, which is all they deſign to leave him by that time they've done with him.

A *Modern Whig*'s Conſcience, Stol'n out of the Exchequer at *Weſtminſter*, for ſome Years laſt paſt, of no Value but to the Owner, who has got many Thouſands by it. If any one brings it to the Stairs in the *Palace-Yard*, the Watermen there will give Him or Her the full Value for it, and ſomething more than it weighs, which is juſt *Nothing.*

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